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All the Downy Days

by [kinaesthetic \(featheredpranks\)](#)

Summary

The wings are officially here to stay, so Angela has to deal with them as best she can. It's not hard; they're fun, even if her team can be a pain in the butt sometimes.

(Oneshots about the daily nuances of Angela's life with wings)

Notes

All the Downy Days: the solution to all your fluff needs- the fluffy wuffy baby sister to SFV (and LMO, coming soon) is here!

Requests will open 5/21! This is being posted earlier than intended bc fluff was needed.

SPOILERS FOR SENT FROM VALHALLA

I mean...I guess....did y'all think I was gonna go through all that trouble and not let Angela fly by the end?

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

A Helping Hana

Flying across the sea with waterlogged wings? Not Angela's best idea to date.

Sometimes, the Mediterranean and the Atlantic kick up storms out of nowhere. To be fair, she shouldn't have been that far out over the ocean in the first place, not without backup. That can't be helped now; Angela lands on the highest point of the Watchpoint, dripping wet and shivering. It's not raining at the base currently, but it certainly will be soon. She can see the clouds she flew out of creeping over the horizon, lightning flashing. She shakes her wings out as best as she can, but they're burning with exhaustion. Angela pulls them in and heads down the roof-access stairwell, leaving a wet trail behind her.

Usually, Fareeha would get her a towel or four, but then, Fareeha usually would be flying with her. But the latest mission needed air support and with Angela's outlook on being the world's first flying human considerably improved, Ana had gone as well. So, while technically still grounded, Angela's free to fly as she wishes without supervision. The caveat to that being the HUD goggles she has, which usually warn her about storms and wind pattern changes, had to stay at base, lest Athena alert someone that she'd left.

Whereas the low-pressure system had been delightful to fly on the outskirts of, it quickly caught up to her. Angela's simply content to not be at the bottom of the Mediterranean. However, there is still the issue of drying off enough to go to sleep. Which is her goal right now, for sure.

She tries to shake her wings again at the bottom of the stairwell, only to slump against the wall in defeat. Her muscles aren't having it.

She does not like the idea of sleeping with her wings outstretched. After waking up like that, it takes an hour to shake out the pins and needles and feel somewhat normal, but it may be her only option. Fareeha, Satya, and Ana are all gone. Worst of all, it's late, nearly 1 am if she's estimated her flight time correctly.

Leaving puddles of water behind her, Angela heads to the laundry room and gathers a fresh pile of towels and an old blanket. It takes some maneuvering, but she gets the blanket wrapped around her wings, just barely enough to cover the feathers that are dripping the most. She gathers up the towels and almost falls asleep right there in the laundry room, but she forces herself back to her feet and continues back to the living quarters.

When Angela reaches Fareeha's room, she can see the green glow of Hana's "STREAMING" sign a few doors down, courtesy of the dim hallway.

It's not unusual that Hana would be up this late. The international gaming star often sacrifices sleep for her fans, especially if there are no missions for her. Angela tilts her head. Ever since her big reveal a few weeks ago, Hana's been suspiciously quiet, taking care to not be in a room too long with her. Not that she worried; she and Hana were not particularly close, but she wonders if the teenager will do her a favor. She's too tired to think this through; she's cold, wet, and not willing to sleep outstretched on towels if she doesn't have to. She shuffles over to Hana's door and rings the doorbell. The voice channel opens a moment later.

"Uh, hey Mercy, I'm kinda busy but what's up?"

"Han- er D.Va, I'm terribly sorry to bother. I was wondering...um, I need a favor?"

"It's like 2am? Jeez louse fine, come in, just let me finish this game, okay?" Angela doesn't get a

chance to answer as the door swings open and Hana is laying on a video chair, jamming her fingers at a controller. It looks like a shooting game, unsurprisingly. Her gaming rig is impressively pink and well lit, Angela notes, whereas the rest of the room is dark and silent, save for Hana's shrieks and grunts. Angela waits patiently, letting her blanket fall to the carpet and catch the dripping rainwater.

In another five minutes, D.Va signs off to her fans with a flourish, removes her headset and turns around to regard Angela.

"Jeez, Angie, you look like death!" Hana gets to her feet and approaches the tired woman huddled in the corner of her room. "What the hell did you do?"

Angela's already too tired and embarrassed to elaborate, blush bringing some much-needed warmth to her face. "I got caught in a storm."

Hana squints at her, then at her window where it's clearly not raining, then back at her with a grin. "Ooh, I didn't realize you were so rebellious!"

Angela just sighs. Even if she finds out, Ana can't punish her, not really. Fareeha might not yell at her for going alone, but she would rather not be ratted out.

Seeing her face fall, Hana backtracks: "Hey, sorry, I'm just joking. I won't tell. Um, what was the favor?" Hana rocks back and forth on the balls of her feet still keyed up from streaming.

The reality of what she's about to ask wakes her back up. She hugs the towels closer to her and tries not to shiver. "Can you help me dry my wings off?"

The teen stops rocking. Angela swears she can see her brain short out briefly behind her eyes.

"Um sure, I don't mind. Do you want to borrow some pajamas or something though first?"

She wants to die there on the spot. She's been so focused on her wings that she forgot her wet clothes.

"No, I'll get my own. I'm sorry, I forgot."

"Yeah, okay just, come back when you're ready. Um, I'll keep the door open?"

"Of course, thank you."

Angela scurries back down the hall to her own room then peels out of her clothes and freshens up before putting on new ones. She tugs on sweatpants, warm socks, and a thermal top that immediately gets soaked through by her wings. There's nothing she can do about the issue at the moment. It'll have to dry later. Resigned but a little more comfortable, she trudges back to Hana's room.

With her gaming station powered down, Hana's zipping around like a pixie, cleaning up the food wrappers and soda cans from her stream, tossing dirty clothes into a basket and fixing her bed. She's surprised at how fast she shed her D.Va personality: no pink whiskers, no bunny icons, no hair band, no jumpsuit. Just a sleepy nineteen-year-old with her messy brown hair in a bun and pajamas: Hana Song. She drags the blanket Angela left on the floor to an open spot under the window and puts her video chair on top of it. She looks up when Angela knocks on the door frame.

"Hey, you look warmer already!"

With a tired smile, Angela closes the door behind her. “Thank you, Hana. I’m sorry to have interrupted your stream for this.”

Hana doesn’t look up again but she shrugs. “It’s cool. It was getting late anyway. ‘Sides, you must be pretty desperate to come to me!”

Angela carries the towels over the video chair and tries to figure out how to answer that. She isn't wrong, but it's not that Hana is a bad option.

“Are you sure you’re okay with this?” Angela’s a little more awake now, worried that Hana resents her for the intrusion; perhaps this was a bad idea on her part.

“Yeah, Angie! Sit, it’s fine. I forgot the bird fam’s not here. I get it.” She makes a 'gimme' motion; Angela hands her the towels.

She straddles the video chair as Hana indicated, and folds her arms on the back. It's weird to have her back to someone who isn't Fareeha, Ana, or Satya. She breathes deeply, forcing herself to relax. She nearly puts her head down, but then she realizes what Hana’s said. She glances over her shoulder and sure enough, Hana’s turning bright red.

“Bird...fam?”

“Yes?” Hana squeaks, suddenly very interested in the towels in her arms. “It's not bad! Everyone’s got at least one fam on the team. You and Fareeha and Ana and Satya are the Bird Fam. Ana, Jack, and Rein are the Old Fam, me and Lucio are the International Superstar Fam, and on like that. That’s all, I swear.”

“Like cliques?”

“Maybe a teeny bit like cliques. It's silly. Here's a better idea: forget I mentioned it and tell me how to dry your wings?”

Angela rests her chin on her forearms and hums. “Just rub the towel from top to bottom until they’re damp. They don’t need to be completely dry, just enough that they don’t clump when I sleep. I can work at the underside from here.”

Hana hands her a towel, then drags over her Pachimari foot stool, gets comfortable, and starts rubbing down Angela’s coverts at the base of her wing. Angela sighs, letting her right wing stretch out a little bit as Hana moves toward the edge. It doesn't take as long for her to wipe down the inside of her wings, so she watches the storm approach through Hana’s window, her eyelids drooping. Soon she can barely keep them open. She’s struck by the idea that falling asleep in Hana’s room, on top of all of this, would be positively mortifying. Hana’s humming, but she stops when Angela clears her throat to make conversation.

“I would have let you pet them if you’d asked again.”

To her credit, Hana only pauses half a second before continuing to dry the wings before her. “I mean, I'm sure you would've. But I didn’t think about it when I asked. I should know better; it gets annoying when people fawn over you, especially when you're the first at something.”

“It didn't bother me. I suppose I’ve been used to people asking personal questions often for so long.”

Hana lets out a bitter peal of laughter- like a wind chime in a hurricane. “Oh boy, I bet! International Gamer and War prodigy, D.Va! Have you nearly died while streaming before? D.Va, how many omnis do you kill on average during a stream? D.Va, how can you stay so

happy? D.Va, did you ever finish high school?"

Angela remembers being young and interesting, the star of every interview. Two can play this game.

"So, Dr. Ziegler, how do you handle losing patients at such a young age? Have you ever wondered what your parents would think of you now? Angela, how can you work in a war zone if you're a pacifist? Hey Dr. Ziegler, would you ever refuse to operate on a murderer?"

"D.Va, what do your parents think of you being a war hero?"

"Mercy, how can you support Overwatch?"

"D.Va, why do you glorify war through your streams?"

"Mercy, how can you justify reviving the dead?"

"D.Va, do you consider yourself military propaganda?"

"Mercy, how much of your ego feeds into your penchant for defying God's will and your inability to let people die in peace?"

Hana barks out a laugh at that and Angela starts giggling too. "Did someone actually say that?"

"Yup, I think I was already twenty-something by then though, so I guess it doesn't really count."

"Nah, you get it though." Hana's voice softens. "I forgot you joined Overwatch at what? Eighteen?"

"Yes, but just barely. I was a surgeon at a regular hospital for a while before that. Doing field work too."

"Just because you're young doesn't mean you're a child. I bet they babied you. I hate that."

"Sometimes," Angela says carefully, watching the first drops of rain hit the window pane. "Other times, people treated me like I was already twenty-five. And that was not quite true. So I mind your curiosity least of all, Hana. At least the world's still exciting for you in some ways."

Hana hums softly, finishing the right wing and starting again from the coverts. "People ask shitty questions when they think you're special. I didn't want to bug you again. Plus, Fareeha had a point. They're a part of you; I wouldn't pet your arms."

"I'm not bugged by it. Fareeha was a little defensive, though understandably so."

Hana shrugs, jostling the towel in her hand and pushing the feathers up on accident. Angela makes a small noise of irritation in the back of her throat; Hana quickly smoothes the patch down again with the towel.

"Not bugged by the questions or the petting?"

"Both are fine. Particularly the petting. The funny thing is," Angela says as nonchalantly as she can manage, "they're more sensitive to skin hunger than is typical. So it's like needing a hug, but every few days."

"Angie, Bird Fam's been gone...have you gone the past two weeks without anyone petting you?" Hana holds back an ungainly snort, but just barely.

“I’m trying to tell you that you can pet my wings.” Angela huffs out a laugh when she hears Hana sputtering behind her. “Honestly I would prefer it. I love them, but they are a little needy.”

Hana gulps and puts down the towel. Her voice comes out in a squeak “Just pet them?”

“Just like when you pet someone’s hair.”

With minimal hesitation, the gamer sinks her fingers into down the coverts of her right wing. The feathers are still a bit damp but it doesn’t really bother her. The platinum feathers part under her gentle touch, warmed by the heat of the muscles underneath. Angela’s reaction makes her laugh though. The winged woman *slumps*, immediately boneless, tension seeping out of her shoulders. Hana giggles and uses both her hands to knead the powerful muscles beneath the feathers, finding knot after knot to smooth out.

“I used to take a massage class in high school, you know? Easy P.E. credit and all.”

“Don’t tell me that.” Angela quips happily. “I’ll never leave you alone.”

Hana just laughs and take a few more minutes to massage the right wing before continuing to dry the left one off. From her seat on the video chair, Angela tries not fall asleep. Thunder booms outside.

“Can I ask you a question?”

“You just did,” answers Angela, then immediately groans. “I’m so sleepy, ignore that. Yes, of course.”

Hana chuckles. “Why were you flying in that storm?”

“Oh. It’s easier to fly in low-pressure systems, easier to go higher. I didn’t mean to get in the storm; I was on the outskirts doing flips and dives.”

“At what, midnight?”

“Pot calling kettle much? I couldn’t sleep. Anyway, if you could fly, would you bother sleeping?”

"I guess not," Hana can't help but glance over her shoulder at her gaming setup. "Sometimes it's easier to be awake than to force sleep."

"Precisely." She flicks her right wing in Hana's direction, smiling when it startles a laugh out of her. "I thought you'd understand."

Hana scoffs, but doesn’t argue any further. She finishes drying the left wing and begins to softly pet and massage it. Angela sighs blissfully, trying to keep her eyes open. All too soon, Hana’s finished smoothing the knots out of her muscles and straightening her feathers.

“Did you get to dry the undersides?” Hana grabs an extra towel, prepared to finish the job.

“Yes. Plus I’ll sleep on my back and they’re not as wet...thank you so much, Hana, truly.” Angela pulls her wings in gingerly and tries to get up, but her limbs aren’t cooperating. “Oh goodness, I feel like jelly. Give me a moment. Can I make you breakfast tomorrow, at least, for your troubles?”

Gathering the wet towels and dumping them into her hamper, Hana laughs. “That sounds nice actually. Better than cereal for sure!”

“Spoken like a true teenager,” says Angela with a tired laugh. “Please don’t let me fall asleep here. Can you shoo me out in five?”

“Sure thing, Angie.” says Hana with a soft smile. “Sure thing.”

When she wakes up in Fareeha’s room later that morning, clinging to an oversized pillow with her wings comfortably sprawled behind her, there’s a sticky note clutched in her hand: a small doodle of D.Va and Mercy with Hana’s spindly handwriting below:



Child Prodigy Fam 4 Life! <3 Hana

Re: Angela's Wings

Chapter Summary

Winston sends out a memo to the Overwatch listserv.

Chapter Notes

This is in the style of DpsMercy's The Rules of the Watchpoint:
<http://archiveofourown.org/works/10181591> which is hilarious! Thanks for the inspiration! <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

From: Winston@overwatch.net

To: active-agents-l@overwatch.net

Subject: Angela's Wings

Greetings,

By now, I am sure you are all aware of Angela's wings, since no one has talked about anything else for the past three weeks. I would like to remind you all of some etiquette and protocol regarding them. Most of this goes without saying, but if it's in this email, it's likely at least the second time it's been said. That being so, please take heed of the following:

- Please do not reveal Angela's wings to the public. If anyone asks, they're a Valkyrie prototype, which is technically just as true as it is false.
- While Angela's wings are very visible, this does not suddenly make it appropriate to inquire about their function in the bedroom. Before you decide to be foolish enough to ask either Angela or Fareeha about this, please consider how small we already are as a team and how your death would affect the team dynamic and international security over time.
- While Angela has figured out that the shape of her wings resemble that of a swallow's, the Monty Python jokes are not funny. She has enough things to worry about besides reverse-engineering their DNA to specify any other swallow than an African or European one to keep you from using them.
- If you try to get around this by calling her an African's or Egyptian's swallow or a Swiss or European swallow, I cannot protect you from either Fareeha's or Angela's wrath.
- Angela enjoys being pet, yes, but she has a system. Please warn her before petting her wings by asking "peregrine?" and proceeding at her answering "swallow." If she says "falcon" come back in an hour. If you try to circumvent this system, the answer will always be no.
- It is cruel to do this without actually petting her just to see her get excited. Specifically, you are not allowed to yell "peregrine" from across the training room and take off running through the Watchpoint when Angela comes soaring after you because you dared to tease her. I cannot protect you; you deserve it.

- Additionally, petting Angela before admitting to whatever terrible injury you're incurred on yourself (or others) will not reduce a scolding. In fact, it will have the opposite effect.
- It's cruel to point out when Angela's wings can give away her thoughts. Avoid using this against her.
- Angela is no longer allowed to sit in the rafters anywhere. Despite the fact that "no one ever looks up", I have had several reports of her dropping down and scaring people. Gunshots in the wall aside, "no one will believe you" only works if you say it to one or two people, not nine.
- Angela should not have to explain the physics of why she cannot take anyone flying like Fareeha does. Fareeha offers one-way flights to the Mediterranean to anyone who bothers either of them about it.
- *There is no flight allowed indoors.* Please stop encouraging her.
- Do not scold Satya for knowing an undue amount of information about Angela's wings. Angela doesn't mind it and if you can't handle an info dump, please just tell her plainly. I cannot protect you from Angela's wrath if you hurt Satya's feelings.
- While bird jokes are tolerated, Ana retains the sole right of using baby bird jokes against Angela. Trying to usurp this honor will likely result in a sleep dart to the face.
- Whoever left a gum wad near Angela's favorite stool owes her three flight feathers. I am not sure how this will be paid, but Angela would like you to know that she will be exacting payment soon.
- Angela will not change her callsign to Angel, Archangel, Overwatch's Angel, Avenging Angel, Cherub, or anything else. Mercy stays. I cannot guarantee any other mercy if you insist otherwise.
- Genji and Lena, stop encouraging Angela to race you around the base's perimeter. You've fallen off the cliff twice trying to take her aerial shortcuts. If it happens a third time, you will have to rescue yourselves.
- The "What's Fareeha's favorite Pokemon type?" "Flying" joke was only funny once.
- Angela will return to active duty when she is ready. Do not pester her. Do not ask if you can borrow the Caduceus Staff because you worry about Lucio, Ana, or Zenyatta being as effective. Angela will refuse to heal any injuries that result from this, either from her own wrath or from the aforementioned healers. Be kind to our healers, please.
- Asking Angela if she and Ganymede can communicate now is just as silly as it is annoying. Angela, your refusal to give a straight answer doesn't help the situation.
- Stop replacing regular descriptors with bird references when referring to Angela. She's not having a bird bath, hunting for worms, or perching; she's showering, cooking, or sitting. Don't be ridiculous.
- Don't be ridiculous. It needed to be said twice.

Cheers,

Winston B)

Chapter End Notes

Re: the petting permissions system because I'm proud of it: this is stacked in Angela's favor on purpose! If she's distracted, her natural answer is gonna be falcon because that's what usually comes after peregrine. If she's distracted or sleepy or just not paying attention, then she's probably going to jump or be fussy when touched and no one's going to be happy! Plus, if she's already in a bad mood, 'falcon' is still the natural response; takes less effort to say no. So basically, she has to be alert and paying attention to answer 'swallow' which then works out for everyone.

End Notes

Requests are indefinitely open via the comment section. They won't be looked at until 5/20, when my finals are over though!

However, I will accept requests at my discretion. If I post yours, I'll comment saying I've done so. I might ask for clarification, so don't be rude if you see me having a conversation with another commenter. This fic is G-rated and maybe might be bumped to T if I need to, but the whole point of this series of one-shots is to off-set the darkness of 'Let Me Out', so please keep your requests to the cutest shit you can imagine! I'll get to as many as I can.

Also keep in mind that I work full time during the summer. Additionally, should this stretch into the academic year, I will also be a senior in college so, please be gentle if I'm having a hard time updating! I'm trying to get into grad school! ;u;

I will also take SFV outtakes requests! (Something that happened behind the scenes that you wanted to see!)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!